STORY OF FAMOUS "SPIRIT OF '76"

A Picture That Was to Have Been a Joke but Insisted on Being Serious.

MODELS FOR THE FIGURES

At the Time the Artist Was Painting Carriages in a Little Factory in an Ohio Town.

The story of a picture that started as a joke and ended as a serious work which has stirred the hearts of hundreds of thousands of Americans is told in this month's *Housekeeper* by A. M. Willard, the painter of "The Spirit of '76."

Mr. Willard's first work as a painter was during the civil war. He used to draw pictures of camp life and send them back to friends he had left at home when he entered the army. Some of these sketches were photographed and the copies sold. At the end of the war the young artist determined to make a great panorama of war scenes and exhibit it all over the country.

"I undertook to tell the story of the war in pictures six feet high and twelve feet long, sewed end to end and rolled on two rollers, so that they could be displayed in succession to the accompaniment of a lecture," said Mr. Willard. "While I was doing this work I learned a good deal about technic and I was sure I had embarked on a career that was to bring me fame and fortune.

"But the panorama was not a financial success. People wanted to forget the war. So the panorama was packed away in a barn. It was a great grief to me to have wasted so much good cotton cloth, somuch time and paint as wellas patriotic ardor. The paints were of a kind that could be washed out, so we did that and saved the cloth for domestic purposes. As for my artistic hopes, they were crushed for the time being. I transferred my painting efforts to carriages in the shop of E. B. Tripp at Wellington, Ohio.

"My father was a man of deep patriotic spirit. His father had been a soldier in the Revolution. I inherited a strong love of country. But I had another quality which entered into the work I did and that was a spirit of fun. In those days every town had its small carriage factory and the makers vied with one another in craftsmanship and ornamentation. I began painting little vignettes on the sides of wagons and carriages; and these helped to give Mr. Tripp's vehicles a wide reputation.

"One day Mr. Tripp's little daughter brought me a very simple and crude illustration from a woodcut, in which a dog, harnessed to a wagon, was chasing a rabbit. She asked me to make her a painting of it. The idea appealed to me, and I set out to please the little maiden.

"But what I made was not a copy of the picture she brought to me. The idea had a rebirth in my mind, and I strove to make her as pretty a picture as I could. I worked long on this picture, with no other intent than to please a child. Unconsciously, I was at the turning point in my career.

"To the finished picture I gave the name 'Pluck.' Mr. Tripp took the painting to Cleveland, where it was framed by J. F. Ryder, a photographer and art dealer. Mr. Ryder exhibited the picture in his window and it attracted crowds. Mr. Ryder desired me to paint a copy of the painting for him, and to enter into an arrangement for the sale of photographs of it. Thus began an association with Mr. Ryder which continued for many years.

"Numberless requests that I tell how the chase of the rabbit ended led me to paint a companion picture, 'Pluck No. 2.' These two pictures were copyrighted by Mr. Ryder, and sold literally by thousands. The royalties added to my income, and increased my determination to be an artist. I studied art with such constancy as I could, while continuing my work in the carriage shop.

"The Centennial year was approaching; and Mr. Ryder and I agreed that that year ought to be made memorable and financially profitable by a humorous picture. The title 'Yankee Doodle' suggested itself, and I set to work to make a picture to fit the title. I had boyhood memories of a country Fourth of July celebration, in which local musicians bore their conspicuous share. There was a 'three-fingered Dick' who tossed his drumsticks, and varied the beat on the drumhead by performances on the chine. I made him my central figure.

"A fifer I had at hand, Hugh Mosher, a veteran of the Civil War, who was accustomed to appear in Washington whenever there was a celebration. He was a picturesque character, and had in him a fine vein of fun that made him responsive to my suggestion. To balance the fifes, I needed another drummer, and took a farmer boy, beating his drum as part of the day's work, too intent on not missing a stroke to feel any particular inspiration.

"I made sketch after sketch. I posed my characters before the camera again and again, being assisted in this part of the work by the Wellington photographer, W. F. Sawtelle. I worked for weeks over this humorous picture. At times I almost had it, but just as I would approach a satisfactory treatment of the theme I would feel a strong sense of dissatisfaction, throw away my sketches, and begin anew.

"Meantime the centennial year was hastening on, and the exposition at Philadelphia was about to open. We had hoped that our photographs would have a very wide sale there. I felt the need of haste.

"My central character, the old drummer, was no longer living. He was only a memory of my boyhood. I had to drape his personality round some other model. At this time my father, a superannuated minister, was living with me. He had the tall, strong figure I needed, and he posed for me with the drum. But just as I seemed to be approaching a final plan, my father was taken sick, and I saw that he had not long to live.

"Then something of self-condemnation came over me that I had ever treated this theme as a humorous one. A sudden inspiration came to me. I saw my models, Harry Devereux, a fine, manly boy whose father was my friend; Hugh Mosher, and my father, in a new light. I saw them in imagination on the battlefield. I had seen such men there. I looked into my father's face, and the lines of the commonplace faded out, and instead I saw the grand old man, then nearing death, a fine old heroic man, whose soldier spirit had been with him in the years of his privation and self-denial. I saw Hugh Mosher as I had seen such men in battle.

"The whole idea took on new significance. I tied a bandage round the head of Hugh Mosher. I put his own fine manly boyhood into Harry Devereux. And into the old drummer I put as I saw it the dignity and fortitude and moral heroism of my father. And now I had to work hard and fast, dividing my time, watching nights with my father, and painting by day. My father did not live to see the result. But I finished the painting under the inspiration of his character as I saw it in those anxious days.

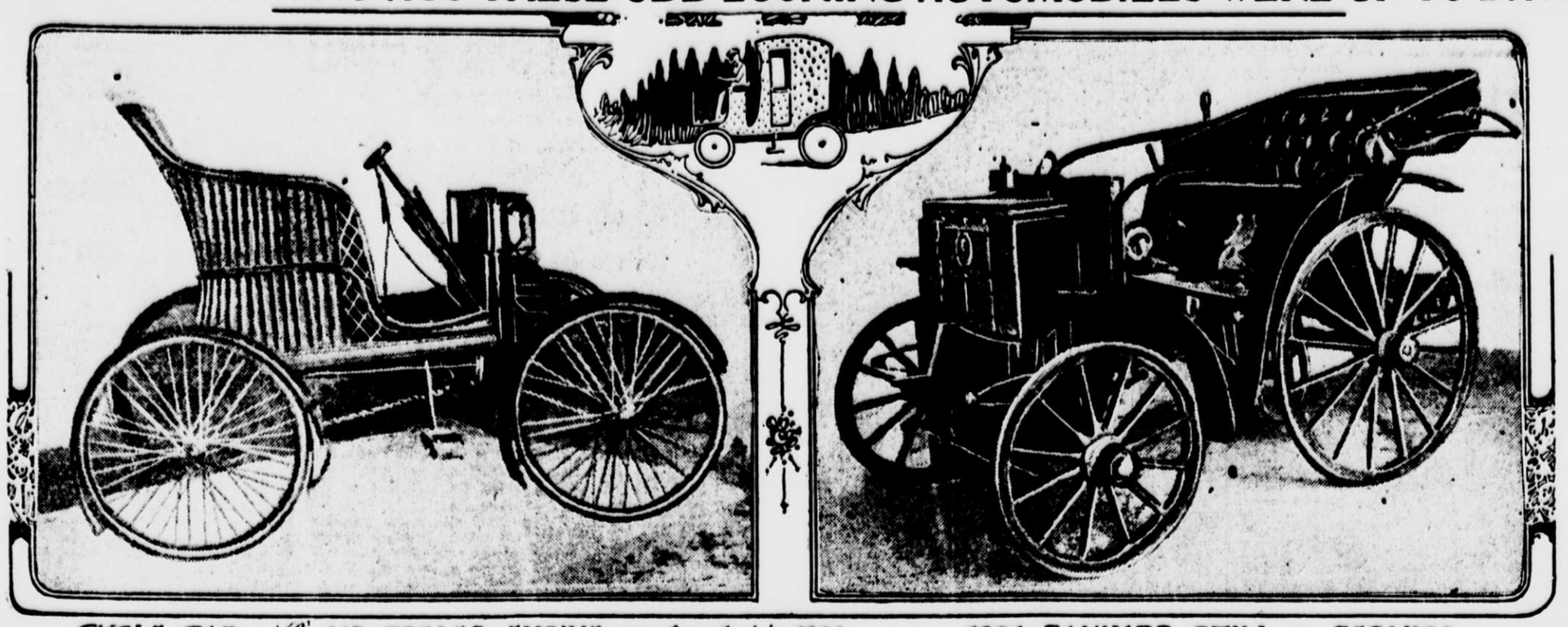
"We sold the photographs as we had planned. The Centennial at Philadelphia kept the printing frames in Mr. Ryder's gallery busy. But this was not the real triumph. The painting itself was sent for and exhibited at the exposition. It was a life size canvas, and hung on the line; and crowds thronged it day after day.

"Hugh Mosher attended the Centennial Exposition, and he was recognized at once. It made him a local hero, and he lived and died with more of honor in his own community by reason of it. Harry Devereux, too, saw it, and his father bought it, and placed it in Abbott Hall of his native town of Marblehead. But my father never saw the completion of the work which his character inspired.

"I painted no more carriages. I took leave of my good friends in Wellington, where I had spent happy years, and removed to Cleveland, where I since have lived. I since have painted many pictures, and they hang in many public and private galleries. There are some that show more of technique than this, but this one has in it something that stirs me deeply when I think of it, and I am glad the public continues to love it.

"I may add a closing word about the title of the picture. I gave it the title which I had first in mind, 'Yankee Doodle.' That is the tune I still hear when I look at it. But many of those who love it prefer 'The Spirit of Seventy-Six.' And I am content with either."

NOT SO VERY LONG AGO THESE ODD LOOKING AUTOMOBILES WERE UP TO DATE



CYCLE-CAR with AIR-COOLED ENGINE constructed in 1900. 1891 PANHARD, STILL in SERVICE.

They have been having an exhibition of vehicles in London, at which among other curious looking contrivances the two motor cars pictured above were shown. Both possess special interest. The cycle car dated 1900 affords a good illustration of the rapid development of the automobile. The Panhard, though older, has really a more familiar look and is especially noteworthy because it is still in service.

STORIES OF BELLS.

Chimes in the Sea Waiting for Snow White Oxen to Pull Them Out.

To this day the choristers of the Cathedral at Durham, England, sing the "Te Deum" upon the tower on the eve of Corpus Christi. This, says a writer in the *Ave Maria*, is to commemorate the extinguishing of a fire on that night in the year 1420.

The monks had arisen at midnight to pray, when the belfry was set on fire by lightning. The flames raged all night and until the following noon; but the tower was only slightly injured, and the bells were not damaged in the least.

Somewhere beneath the soil of Sussex there lies a peal of bells, while in the church near by a solitary bell calls to prayer. In the Middle Ages, it is said, a certain valiant knight wished to present to the church a peal of bells that should be of use and perpetuate his memory as well; but the vessel that brought them careened on approaching the harbor, and the bells fell out and sank into the mud. Thereupon the donor declared:

"Never shall the church have a chime until that peal I give it be dragged from the sea by a team of four milk white oxen."

The oxen seem to have been difficult to obtain; at any rate, the fact remains that to this day the edifice to which the pious knight made his benefaction has never possessed more than a single bell.

A spot in Northumberland used to be pointed out by very old people as a place where a great treasure was buried. Finally some curious persons set to digging and exhumed the remains of a bell, which was identified as that formerly belonging to the ruined priory near by. The story of its burial is this: A pack of Scotch thieves were searching for the priory, but it was so situated that it was concealed from the gaze of the marauders by the highlands about it.

They were exceedingly wroth and marched away in disgust, and the monks, to celebrate their deliverance from the enemy, rang their beloved bell. Unfortunately they were too hasty. The bandits heard the sound, retraced their steps and sacked and burned the priory. It is supposed that during the conflagration the bell fell to the ground and the homeless monks, finding the pieces, reverently buried them.

Henry VIII. looked upon bells as a means of adding to his income and encouraged their destruction, but ill fortune attended those who abetted him. One nobleman from whom he is said to have won a peal of church bells by throwing dice was shortly afterward hanged on Tower Hill. And a certain Bishop of Bangor, who, having sold King Henry the beautiful bells of his cathedral, went to see them shipped and was stricken with blindness.

RECLAIMING DISMAL SWAMP.

Not More Than One-third of a Rich Fertile District Under Cultivation.

From Harper's Weekly.

The Great Dismal Swamp is but a day's journey from New York city and less than that from Washington and Baltimore. Much of it is primeval wilderness untrodden by human foot. It begins a little south of Norfolk, Va., and extends into North Carolina.

Some estimates make it thirty miles from north to south and ten miles from east to west. Others give its area as about 2,000 square miles. Most of this great tract is covered with trees, and the undergrowth, springing from the oozy soil, is so dense as to be almost impenetrable.

A little of the swamp has been drained and cleared and is devoted to agriculture. Some say that as much as one-third of it has been reclaimed; others put the cleared portion at a much smaller fraction.

Ages ago the Dismal Swamp was a part of the ocean floor. The upheaval that lifted it to the surface left it lying level without slope or drainage. George Washington headed the first project for draining the Dismal Swamp and organized a company for that purpose shortly after the close of the Revolution. A narrow canal was dug to Lake Drummond and is still known as "Washington's Ditch." Later another canal was cut from the Elizabeth River at Deep Creek, Va., to the Pasquatunk River in North Carolina.

This has been widened and deepened of late years and now gives a continuous passage for vessels from Norfolk to Albemarle Sound. Owing to the way the earth from this canal was disposed of, a strip of the land to the east of it was drained and became available for farming purposes, while that on the other side remained as marshy as ever.

Other portions of the swamp, principally around the edges, have been reclaimed, but the rest of it is still as impenetrable as ever. It has been asserted that if the swamp were drained it would yield the almost incredible sum of $160,00,000 in farm products each year.

MONDAY MORNING AT CHICAGO STOCKYARDS

A Glimpse of the Part Played by the Rails in Feeding a Hungry World.

CATTLE BY TRAINLOADS

Quick Handling of 4,800 Cars in Spite of Apparent Confusion.

The part played by the rails in feeding a hungry world is perhaps shown nowhere more picturesquely than in the Union Stock Yards at Chicago. Impossible as it may seem, there are at these yards 250 miles of tracks within an area of one square mile. This system, with its connecting spurs, is the estate of the Chicago Junction Railway Company. It connects through a belt line system with more than twenty-five trunk roads.

Of this number several are the great granger lines of the world, including the Chicago and Northwestern, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Chicago Great Western, the Rock Island, the Santa Fé, the Chicago and Alton, the Burlington, the Illinois Central, the Soo, and their various connections.

The cattle country tributary to the Chicago Union Stock Yards and the Chicago Junction Railway embraces about 1,000,000 square miles, says the *Railroad Man's Magazine*. The range cattle fatten in the Dakota-Iowa-Kansas-Nebraska-Minnesota corn belt. In addition to cattle are hogs, sheep, mules and horses.

The system of handling this enormous traffic is in two distinct parts: the traffic over the granger lines proper and the handling of trains after they leave the freight terminals and enter the Chicago Junction tracks. The C. & N. W. is a typical granger line and may be taken as an example of the rest. Its live stock traffic averages a 400 mile haul, the trains having right of way over everything except passenger service. The average stock train is of thirty-five loaded cars, and its speed, all stops included, is thirty-five miles an hour.

If the haul is from Omaha the train will be handled over three divisions, meaning three crews, each consisting of an engineer, fireman, conductor and two brakemen; fifteen men in all, and these only to the terminal point.

December, January, February and March are the banner months and Monday is the day of largest receipts at the Chicago yards. Wednesday comes next. The average number of stock cars entering Chicago over this one railroad on Sunday night and Monday morning is 700. Occasionally the number of cars arriving during the Sunday-Monday twenty-four hours is more than a thousand.

The yards themselves are divided into two great sections—the western portion with its packing houses and subsidiary industries, and the eastern part with its pens and chutes. Here every weekday of the year more than fifty thousand persons labor or transact business.

Between 8 o'clock each Sunday evening and 9 o'clock Monday morning during the four busy months inclusive from twenty-two hundred to three thousand cars of stock comprising approximately a hundred trains are unloaded in the yards. The process of unloading consumes around twelve hours. The average must be one car unloaded every twenty seconds.

To the casual onlooker the trains appear to be massed in a hopeless jam and one might walk block after block on the tops of cars. But despite this seeming impenetrable jungle of rolling stock the trains are moved with a precision that would shame most clocks or watches.

This stock is shipped principally to commission brokers and seldom to packing houses or other eventual buyers. Each train may contain every class of stock that goes into the yards—horses, mules, sheep, hogs and cattle.

Walk down Exchange avenue in the yards on Sunday afternoon or evening and watch the groups of idle employees, whittling sticks and swapping yarns, with nothing to do but wait. Three o'clock comes on Monday morning and very few trains have cleared at the terminal points for the Junction railway. Now and then a passenger goes by, but for the most part it is expectant waiting. And then just before dawn the stock trains come hurtling out of the darkness, bringing their thousands of live animals.

By daybreak the tracks are jammed for miles with the moving trains, while the uproar is increased by stockmen shouting, whining, swearing, threatening because they fear they will not have their stock unloaded when the market opens. It is bedlam. As soon as a train arrives at the pens, its movements having been governed by the train director in his tower, the locomotive is attached to the opposite end. The length of time consumed in unloading each car is one and one-half minutes; but—many other cars are being emptied in that same interval.

There are ten chute platforms leading to all parts of the yard, and each holds from eighteen to fifty-two cars, making a total of 312 cars that can be unloaded at one time. The average is thirty-one cars to the chute.

This roaring, protesting, squealing horde of live stock is urged up the chutes, with the sheep waiting reluctantly for a leader.

Railroad employees and yard operatives detest sheep. Sheep won't cross a puddle of water until a bellwether has been yanked over it and then they won't stop till their leader has bumped into a fence and can go no further.

The animals in general are excited, the nerves of workmen are tense and the controlling element, time, seems to spin by with tragic fleetness.

As each train is unloaded it becomes a dead thing, so far as the yards are concerned. It is hurried out of the way, making its exit over one of the three outgoing tracks and speeding back again to the meadows and the prairie reaches.

A thrilling scene is being enacted along the endless rows of pens. Punchers on horseback (regular Western cayuses, at that!) are clattering over the brick pavement or splashing through the mire. Buyers representing all the packing houses, Eastern concerns and even individuals are racing to and fro, discussing fine points in the stock, bidding for their favorite herds.

From 50,000 to 60,000 people are earning their daily bread—and all because the mastery of steam and the science of railroading have made this marvellous mart possible.

From the northeast and southeast corners of the yards other trains are moving. These are bound for the East, with stock on hoof travelling toward New York, New England and other points that attend to their own killing.

While twenty-five hundred or three thousand cars are moving into the yards with their ladings of farm animals, about eight hundred cars are travelling eastward with live stock that has been purchased that day for those distant market places.

And during this same period sixty crews of the Chicago Junction Railway are handling their dead freight, shunting eight thousand cars into position, bringing in and taking out the thousand and one things that go to make up industry in the stockyards.

For those few hours the train director is the busiest man in that whirlpool of industry. He must account for every move, every stop, every start, of each train received and returned. He must determine by the bills just where the consignees can be favored the most, and he must place his trains so that every chute is operating to its fullest capacity every moment of those teeming hours.

To convey some adequate notion of what this amounts to during the week—jammed into a few busy hours of each day—let us look at the averages for the weekdays of the four most industrious months.

Monday and Wednesday, being the two most prolific shipping days, bring about 4,800 loaded cars into the yards. On Tuesday and Thursday there are added 3,200 more cars, and on Friday and Saturday 1,600 additional cars go toward making the grand total of 9,600 cars for the week, constituting 270 trains. Each train moves over approximately four divisions.

Besides this, about one thousand cars of live stock are shipped East each week, averaging thirty trains, traversing more than five hundred miles and entering a territory where divisions are more frequent.

Cradle of N. Y. Yacht Club.

From the Strand.

Shortly after the Revolution Col. Stevens purchased Hoboken, which was then an island of swamps and rocky hills, and established the family on Castle Point, a beautiful promontory overlooking the Hudson and New York city. John C. Stevens, the father of American yachting, was born there in 1785.

There were no ferries in those days and the Stevens boys of necessity became expert boatmen. At 14 John C. owned a sailboat of 20 feet length named Diver. As the years passed by he had the schooner Gimcrack built for him by William Capes in Hoboken.

This boat is one of the most historic craft of American yachting, since she was the cradle of the New York Yacht Club, the organization being accomplished in her cabin on July 30, 1844, the year in which so many of the world's greatest achievements occurred. On that day John C. Stevens called a meeting of yachtsmen, which assembled aboard the Gimcrack, anchored off the Battery, New York, and here the constitution of the NewYork Yacht Club was drawn up.

A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

How They Should Be Gathered and Packed to Keep Fresh.

From the London Chronicle.

Flowers should be gathered the night before they are sent and placed in tepid water in a cool room. Discretion should be used in choosing the blooms, for wide open blossoms will naturally drop soon. Half open buds are the best for sending by post, as they will then open when they are placed in water at their destination.

Cut them with a sharp knife, for if the stems are severed by scissors the sides of the stalk are pressed together, thus stopping the flow of the sap and consequently curtailing the flower's existence.

All superfluous leaves should be taken off, as fresh foliage must be enclosed with the blossoms. This is very difficult to procure in town, so as much care should be exercised over the choice of the greenery as the flowers themselves.

The box in which the flowers are to be packed should be a light, strong, wooden one, its size varying according to the length of the flowers that are being packed. Small blossoms will keep in a better condition if tied in bunches than packed separately. It is a mistake to think that flowers travel better if packed loosely; they should be placed close together.

Line the box with paper and then put a layer of foliage. Place the heaviest blooms at the bottom so that they will not crush the more delicate flowers. Tissue paper should be used in preference to damp moss, for this is apt to become heated and absorb the moisture of the flowers. Flowers will generally travel quite safely without the aid of either of these, the damp foliage keeping them cool.

Unpack the flowers at once when they arrive and cut the ends of the stalks. Then place them in warm water in a cool place. Hard stalked blossoms, such as roses, should have the ends split so that they can absorb the water more easily. Should the flowers be faded hold them in steam for a few minutes or place the ends of the stalks in boiling water. This revives them wonderfully.

The vases in which the flowers are to be arranged must be scrupulously clean and filled with fresh water to which has been added a little salt. This helps to prolong the life of the flowers. The water should be changed every other day and the stalks clipped. If the leaves of the foliage are allowed to touch the water they will taint it and spoil both flowers and foliage, but with a little care they will last for a week.

Care should be taken when various species of flowers are being packed together that they are suitable, for very heavy blooms spoil the fragile ones. For instance, if Shirley poppies are packed in the same box as peonies they are utterly spoiled. Sweet peas, carnations, lilies of the valley and mignonette travel well together, but roses should be sent in a box by themselves.

Yankee Builds Sun Engine for Egypt

From the Strand.

Frank Shuman of Philadelphia has recently completed and tested one of his sun engines, which is to be used in Egypt for pumping up water. It can lift 3,000 gallons of water every minute to a height of 33 feet when working in favorable weather at Philadelphia. In the hotter climate of Egypt it will naturally do much more work in the same time.

The most important feature of a sun engine is the steam generator. In the engine which Mr. Shuman has built for Egypt the water "boxes" which catch the rays of the sun to generate steam have each a space of 6 feet between the tops of their two mirrors, and they are massed together over a space of 5,000 square feet. When the mirrors are included the total heat catching area is about 10,300 square feet.

Some British Glad Raiment.

From the Gentlewoman.

The new mantle and cloak which the King has commanded for the Knights Grand Cross of the Victorian Order will be very handsome indeed, of dark blue satin, with a border 2 inches deep of red, a cordon of blue and gold and white silk lining. The collar to be worn "on collar days" is beautiful indeed—all blue enamel and gold roses, with carbuncle centres and white enamel inscriptions. In the centre of all Queen Victoria's medallion is shown in gold.

HOW COLONEL BOGEY CAME TO GOLF

Story of the Curious Origin of the Players' Imaginary Opponent.

"HERE COMES BOGEY MAN"

And, as Went the Old Song, "He'll Catch You If He Can."

Bogey! All who are not of golf are asking now what is this game with the peculiar name at which so many people play. Even most of those who have played the game for years are ignorant as to its origin and are constantly curious about it. It is interesting.

For the benefit of the former class it may be stated in advance that the simple system of bogey play in golf is that to each of the nine or eighteen holes of a golf course a bogey value of strokes is allotted. This bogey value may be three, four five, and sometimes—but rarely—six, according to the length and difficulties of the hole. If the man who plays against bogey plays the hole from the teeing ground until his ball is holed in fewer strokes than that allotted to the hole he wins it from bogey and scores a point.

If he plays it in the bogey number he halves it with bogey, and nothing is scored either way. If he takes more than the bogey number of strokes he loses the hole and a point is scored against him. On completion of the round a balance is struck and the player's final score returned as so many holes up or so many down, but if he has won as many holes as he has lost then he is square with bogey.

According to the player's skill a number of strokes of handicap are given to him in advance, and he is allowed the advantage of an extra stroke at certain specified holes. If he is a plus player, meaning one better than scartch, he has to concede bogey a stroke at a particular hole or holes. It is very simple and very effective and enables the player to carry on a golf competition against many others without actually playing against them at the same time, while it has an advantage over ordinary scoring competitions in that a player who does one or two holes thoroughly badly has merely a point for each scored against him and is not necessarily out of the competition.

This year, after refusing officially to recognize the bogey system of play, the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews has determined to give it proper recognition and to make laws for it. So this season bogey may be said to come into its own.

But why "bogey"? It came about in this way, says the London *Daily Mail*. Toward the end of the last century competitions of this sort came to be played in some parts of Scotland, chiefly at Elie, but they were then known as competitions against a "scratch score," were by no means frequent and no proper name or rules were attached to them. The real "bogey," or "the colonel," as the imaginary opponent with the fixed score for each hole is sometimes called, came into being about the end of 1890 and the beginning of the following year.

It is generally accepted that a Coventry gentleman was the first to come by the germ of the idea. In December, 1890, the scratch score of the Coventry course was taken, being the score that a good scratch player would take to each hole of the round, making no mistakes but also fluking nothing nor being fortunate with any special flashes of brilliant play.

At the time they called this "the ground score," and about six months afterward, when the members of the club had become properly accustomed to the idea, Mr. Rotherham offered a prize for competition according to the system, while later in the same year the club gave a challenge cup for competition on the same lines. Thus the system was established, but not the name, which is now universal.

The name, however, followed very soon, and its origin was curious. A few members of the Coventry club paid a visit to Great Yarmouth, where the new kind of competition was explained to Dr. Thomas Browne, R. N., who was honorary secretary of the Yarmouth Golf Club. Dr. Browne liked the idea exceedingly, and took it upon himself to write to various prominent golfers asking them their views as to the advisability or otherwise of introducing this ground score system into the general routine of competition golf. For the most part the answers made were favorable.

Then one day Dr. Browne went out to play against a friend, Major Charles A. Wellman, and they agreed instead of playing directly against each other, to play each against the ground score and decide their match according as each fared in this way. It so happened that about that time the bogey man song was being sung by the late E. J. Lonnen at the Gaiety Theatre and everybody else came to sing it too. The words of the refrain that gave a creepy feeling to the children of the day were:

Hush! Hush! Hush!
Here comes the bogey man!
So hide your head beneath the clothes,
He'll catch you if he can!

There was the idea of bogey in golf "He'll catch you if he can!" And it flashed across the mind of Major Wellman when he was playing this game and was getting "caught" by the ground score. "Why," said he to his friend Browne, "this player of yours is a regular bogey man!" A considerable piece of golfing history was made in that chance remark, for bogey was from that moment established for golf. "Capital," said Dr. Browne, "we'll call it that!" and he had the name adopted by the Yarmouth club.

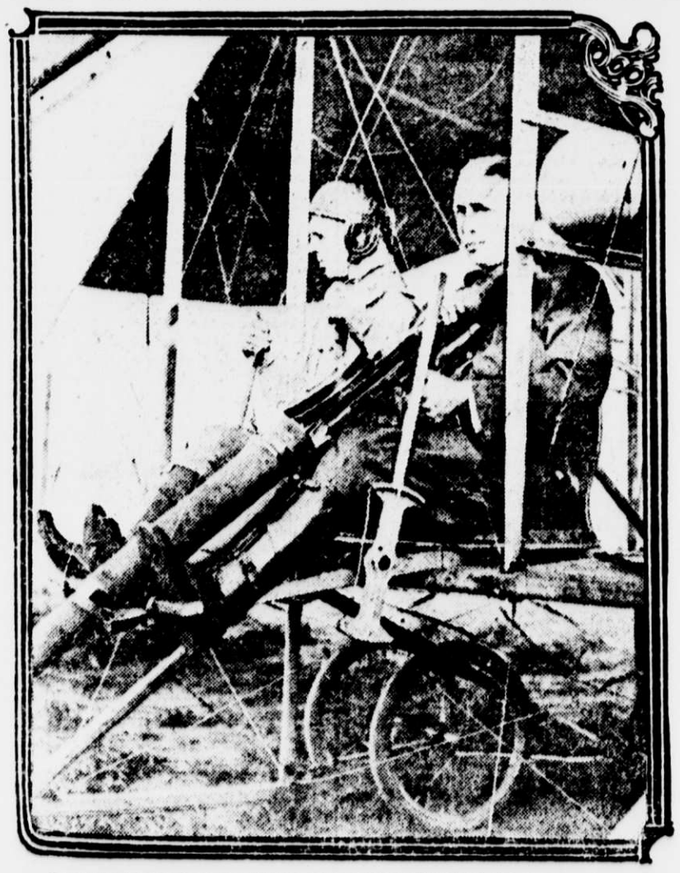
Some time afterward he went on a golfing trip to the south coast and set forth to play one day on the course of the United Service Club at Alverstoke, in Hampshire. On his arrival there he informed his hosts that he had brought with him a friend who was a very modest, quiet fellow and a steady golfer, playing a uniformly good but never a brilliant game. He begged that he might be permitted to introduce him to the club as an honorary member, and accordingly, going on with this little pleasantry, he "presented" him in the way of an explanation of the bogeyman game to the late Capt. Seely Vidal, R. E., who was honorary secretary of the club, and to Dr. Walter Reid, R. N.

"Excellent," they exclaimed, and they agreed that they would certainly have the bogey man as a golfer among them, and there and then they worked out a score for him for that course and went out to play against him.

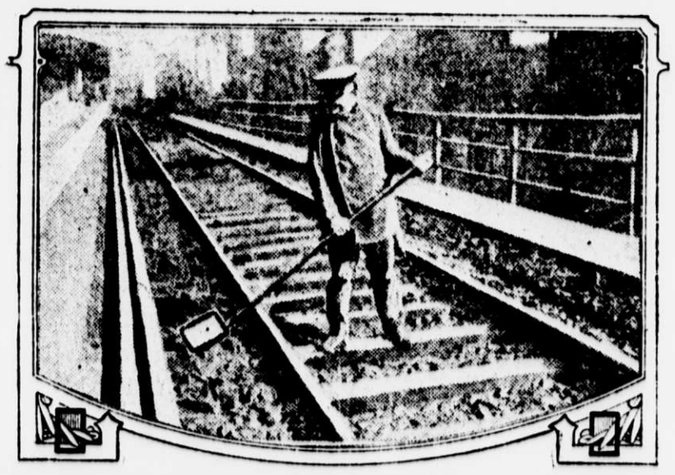
"Stay!" said Capt. Vidal at the moment of starting. "Gentlemen, we must proceed in a proper service way. Every member of this club has a proper service rank. Our new invisible member, who never makes a mistake, ought surely to be a commanding officer. He must be a Colonel!" And then saluting the phantom that he imagined, he added, "Colonel Bogey! We are delighted to find you on the links, sir! I could not well say 'see you.'"

And that was how Col. Bogey came to golf, and a very great officer he is to-day, playing invisibly against thousands of golfers every Saturday and on many other days besides.

NEW GUN TESTED FROM AEROPLANE



The latest aeroplane gun is being tested by officers of the army and navy near Washington. It weighs twenty-five pounds, has no recoil and no flame, and can fire 750 shots a minute. When in use it is strapped at the muzzle to the foot stirrups of the aviator. It is the invention of Lieut.-Col. I. N. Lewis. A recent test was made of the weapon by army aviators. In an aeroplane operated by Lieut. Thomas De Witt Willing and driven at a speed of sixty miles an hour Capt. Charles De Forest Chandler repeatedly hit targets three yards by fifteen. In less than a minute he sent fifty bullets into a target two yards by twenty. Most of the firing was done at an elevation of 600 feet.



A simple and ingenious device has recently come into use along German electric railways for the examination of cables. It consists of a small mirror fastened to the end of a pole by which the trackman can examine the condition of the cable under the cable guard. Heretofore he has had to get down on his hands and knees and peer along the track. By glancing in the mirror he can detect anything wrong without stooping.